T-120

Dear Dave: ①

Except that at some time in the future I may make those further comments on your psychology that I mentioned, I propose to drop this correspondence with the present letter. The reason is simply that it takes more time than I care to spend on it. I don't mean just the actual writing of the letters, but the time I spend thinking up what to write. You referred to "The spirits of the desert, the ones you become aware of when you sit quietly in one place for a time ...". Let's read "forest" for "desert": I like to spend time with these "spirits", but the trouble is that until I've answered your letter, ~~the things the~~ the subject keeps running through my mind, I keep analysing the problems and thinking up my answer, and so don't have time for the "spirits". It's too distracting. By the way, this is one reason why I don't like to have mother send me magazines: they have the same distracting effect. I keep analysing and commenting to myself on the articles and so forget to see and hear the forest.

So, if you write me any more letters on this subject, I will just throw them in the stove, lest they distract me. Hence, if you feel too tempted to write me further on this subject, you ought to put your comments on this subject on a separate piece of paper from any other material, else the other material may get thrown into the stove along with your comments on this subject.

It might be worth the distraction if you would address yourself to the issues I raised so that we could make some progress, but since you dodge the issues and have come up with few ideas that are new to me, the whole thing is pointless. So I'll just make a few last comments and let that finish it.

First, I find it very irritating that you often change around the things I have written in order to suit your own purposes. You wrote, "insofar as you see me as being

L0314022 DU1
K521
FBI
LABORATORY

unwilling to entertain negative ideas about myself...". If you will check back you will find that I explicitly said I did not mean that you were incapable of entertaining negative opinions about yourself.

One of the principal things that irritate me about your views is that you DO believe in reality, but refuse to admit it! If you claim you don't believe in reality, I put a challenge to you: go into the kitchen, get out the bottle of lysol, and drink it. If you don't believe in reality you have no reason to expect any unpleasant consequences. Of course you wont drink the lysol, because you have a powerful conviction that drinking lysol will have horribly unpleasant consequences. Note that I don't refer to any "external" reality here, or even to any notion of prediction. I refer only to your inner conviction about the consequences of drinking lysol. I have said time and again that when I talk about "reality" I am talking about a certain structure that our experience possesses; or if you prefer, about a certain structure that our consciousness possesses. That this structure exists in your own consciousness, and is important to you, is proved by your behavior — for example, by your powerful reluctance to drink lysol, the fact that you are concerned to get up on time to go to work in the morning, and so forth. You, however prefer to pretend that this structure does not exist or that it is unimportant to you — for reasons I stated in an earlier letter.

Analytical thinking (I really wish you would stop calling it "science" — analytical thinking is one of the tools that science uses, but the two are not identical) helps to clarify the structure of our experience. You are certainly mistaken in considering analytical thinking as opposed to or in contradiction to art, philosophy, etc. What do you think I do when I read Conrad? Count up the number of times he uses the word "habitude"? To refer to the examples you used on page 10 of your letter, surely you wouldn't be such a fool as to place me on the side of technology as opposed to human will, or on the side of the scientific ranger as opposed to the "spirits of the desert";

L0314022DU1
K521
FBI LABORATORY

and perhaps you will agree that if either of us has enough guts to starve to death in preference to eating the ~~[illegible]~~ sacred cows, it is more likely to be me than you. Which one of us is still working at an urban job and so serving the technological system, and which one has chucked all that to be with what you would call the "spirits" of the forest? (thus sacrificing material security, which you are apparently unwilling to sacrifice—hence your job.)

What analytical thinking does is to arrive at certain conclusions about art and philosophy and so forth, and it clarifies the position of these things in the structure of our experience or our consciousness. ~~You find [illegible] the position of art, and philosophy in the structure of~~ You find somewhat humiliating the position of art and philosophy in the structure of our consciousness — for example the fact that we feel we can scoff with impunity at the opinions of any philosopher or literary critic, but we feel we have to exercise the greatest caution in disregarding the opinions of our doctor or our auto mechanic. So you prefer to deny that our consciousness has any such structure — even though your daily behavior proves that in fact you really do believe in it.

I don't recall telling you that after "the turmoil surrounding Ellen" I had determined to sever my affairs from yours. If I did make any such decision it was only a passing thing while I was mad at you. I didn't definitely determine to disentangle our affairs until much later. As for wanting to seek land with you, I didn't want to do that for companionship or anything like that — you know and knew well that I'd prefer a place all to myself. I was only trying to use you — not in the sense of taking advantage of you, but in the sense that 2 people use each other when they make a practical bargain. I want land, you want land; maybe we can seek it more effectively by combining our efforts and resources.

You said I tend to see human beings as assuming unpleasant shapes. This is to a certain extent true — I very easily feel dislike or contempt for people. Perhaps you have a some-

L0314022 DU1
K521
FBI
LABORATORY

what exaggerated impression, though, of my misanthropy because (4) my views of the people whom we both know are largely negative. You know why I deeply resent our parents; and its a fact that there is no one in your circle of friends whom I respect, (though there are some whom I mildly like). There have been other people, outside your circle, toward whom I've had a much more positive attitude — for example, Kenny Lee, and Joe, the foreman at that Prince Castle place where I worked. As a matter of fact I hated to leave that job because I liked the majority of the people whom I knew there, and within certain limits I respected some of them. But of course I'm not going to live in the city or spend my life assembling restaurant equipment.

OK, so now I'm going to give you what you want, in one sense, and in another sense what you don't want. What you seem to want is communion or communication on an emotional level. I'm going to bare to you a little piece of my soul; but I think you will find the revelation uncomfortable.

As I mentioned to you in an earlier letter, I have a strong affection for you. What I mean is that I wish you well, that I wish you would have a fulfilling life, and that I would be stricken with grief if you died or if something terrible happened to you. (You're the only person in the world whose death would make me feel real grief.) On the other hand, I do not particularly desire any contact or association with you. I have often enjoyed playing ball with you and stuff like that, but on the whole I don't particularly enjoy your company. I have a thorough contempt for you and I often find you repulsive. I can best explain my disgust for you by recounting one incident. You remember when we went up to that high mountain lake, not with Joel but by ourselves. I had caught a couple of fish and wanted one more for supper. Seeing that you wanted to fish but didn't want to have to eat any more fish, I asked you to catch that last fish for me. So you went up there and started to fish. Pretty soon you lost all your grasshoppers that you had for bait and you started to fool around trying to catch fish

LO 314022 DUI
FBI K521
LABORATORY

with bits of tin-foil on the hook and stuff like that. I suggested that you ought to go get more grass-hoppers — they were there to be caught about an ~~eth~~ eighth of a mile away. But you just kept piddling around with tinfoil and suchlike crap. It wasn't that you had only a casual interest in catching a fish — in fact you were quite anxious to catch one — but you wouldn't take the trouble to walk an ~~eth~~ eighth of a mile to get some proper bait. What disgusted me was not the fact that I didn't get the extra fish (I had enough to make do with), nor was it what you actually did. ~~—~~ It was the psychology ~~—~~ behind it — a kind of sordid, low-morale kind of psychological state where one wants something and keeps idiotically trying to get it in some easy, effortless way when one knows one can best get it by stopping for a bit and making some preparatory effort but somehow one's morale is too low to permit the effort. I don't know if you get what I mean — I don't know any word that quite describes that psychological state. But it is a state that seems characteristic of your personality, and I suspect that it grows out of the fact that somewhere "deep down inside" you suffer from what psychologists call "low self-esteem". I suspect that "deep down inside" you <u>do</u> see yourself as ugly, in at least some ways.

Now here is where I am going to open ~~[illegible]~~ to you the window to my soul, as I would not open it to anyone else, by telling you two dreams I've had about you. The first dream is simple. It is one I had more than thirty years ago, when I was maybe 7 or 8 years old and you were still a little baby in your crib. ~~[illegible]~~ Some time before, I had seen pictures of starving children in Europe taken shortly after World War II — they were emaciated, with arms like sticks, ribs protruding, and guts hanging out.

L0314022 DU1
K521
FBI LABORATORY

Well, I dreamed that there was a war in America (6)
and I saw you as one of these children, emaciated and starving. It affected me strongly and when I woke up I made up my mind that if there was ever a war in America I would do everything I possibly could to protect you. This illustrates the semi-maternal tenderness that I've often felt for you.

The other dream is more complex and requires a little preliminary explanation. First of all, I had this dream 2 years ago or so, at a time when I was contemplating making those comments on your psychology (some of which I made in the letter before last), and on your motives for what I consider your self-deceptions. I had strong hesitations and a certain sense of guilt about what I was planning to say to you because I knew it would hurt your feelings to have my real attitude toward you revealed and also because in attacking your self-deceptions I would be attacking that which, so to speak, gave you hope and preserved your life from being utterly empty. Of course, I figured you would probably retain your self-deceptions no matter what I might say, ~~but still I felt a certain remorse about attacking you in that place~~ and moreover, I figure you are tough enough so that even if you were deprived of your illusions you wouldn't be utterly crushed, even though badly hurt. But still I felt a certain remorse about attacking you in that place. This remorse is clearly mirrored in the dream I am about to recount.

Furthermore, you are trusting, imitative, and suggestible; so that you are easily influenced by persons who come into contact with you from the right psychological angle. At various times you have been heavily influenced by me, by Dale Edwards, and by Neil Dunlap, among others. One of the reasons why I was irritated by your talking against democracy and in favor of a "philosopher-king" on that occasion which you may remember was because you were so slavishly imitating Heidegger. Those ideas weren't your own. You had borrowed them from Heidegger. And they weren't ideas that you selected

L0314022 DU1
K521
FBI LABORATORY

(7)

critically from his works while adding something of your own. You were just aping Heidegger — you had fallen under his influence. ~~[illegible]~~

Also, I suspect that one or two of your friends may take advantage of you, in a sense. Linda Patrik, I suspect, has used you. She has no interest in you as a male, but she knows (knew?) that you were interested in her as a female and she used you as a shoulder to cry on when she had trouble. Has she ever sought you out when she didn't have some kind of trouble or want a shoulder to cry on?! Also, I suspect that Denis Dubois does not feel anything like the warm and open-hearted friendship for you that you feel for him. In some ways I think he is rather like me — self-contained and somewhat cold toward others. For him, friends may be only a source of entertainment. But I may be wrong — I don't know these people well.

But be that as it may, the characters in the dream who were duping you and using you represented, in a vague way, some of your friends and people under whose influence you have fallen, especially Dale Edwards, Heidegger, Linda Patrik and Denis DuBois.

That being said, the dream was as follows. I saw you as you were when you were about 18. We were in our old house in Evergreen Park. Our parents were vaguely present but in the background. I was in the living room. You came home and began talking enthusiastically

L0314022 DU1

K521

FBI LABORATORY

about some people you had just (8)
been with and under whose influence
you had fallen. They appeared to be
some kind of a crackpot cult-group.
Soon afterward, 3 members of this
cult group came in the door; their
object was to tighten their hold on
you. They didn't come in all at
once, but one at a time. They were
unmistakeably sinister and sly. As
each one came in I confronted him,
defied him, and killed him. The last
and most sinister of the three I
tore to pieces with my bare hands.
Then the house was free of these ~~int~~
intruders for an interval, but you gave
me to understand that the big-shot, the
leader of the group, was still to come.
And then he did appear at the door.
At first he appeared as a short, fat,
middle-aged man with a jolly, smiling
face, but with something sinister
about him. He introduced himself as
"Lord Daddy Lombrosis". He came into
the house and walked across the living
room to the kitchen, and as he did so
he turned into a tall, well-built,
handsome man with greying hair, age
fifty or thereabouts, with a kindly, paternal,
dignified expression on his face; and he
looked like a man whom one would
respect. He walked across the kitchen
~~to~~ the counter where the sink was and
turned his back to the counter and
stood facing us. I felt awed by him
and thought, "This is God!" Yet in my
heart I defied him. I still felt something in
the background that was vaguely sinister. He
wanted to do us good, to be kind to us,
but the price he demanded was submission
to him. And ~~[illegible]~~ moreover I had a
vague feeling that his tools were

L0314022 DU1
K521
U.S. FBI LABORATORY

deception and psychological manipulation. I stood between you and him, defying him and keeping you from both what was good and what was evil in what he had to offer. Pretty soon he went and sat on a chair between the stove and the kitchen table. He and I were looking each other straight in the eyes, and soon I had the feeling that he was trying to hypnotize me or gain psychological control over me through some sort of deception. Gradually the room became dark and his face turned into a television screen; the pupils of his eyes became two black dots that flew around on the television screen in symmetrical patterns. I felt here that his slyness and deception were fully revealing themselves. But still I defied him and stood between him and you. (9)

Then the room became light again, the television screen disappeared, and Lord Daddy Lombrosis was again the tall, handsome, kindly man he'd been before. But now he hung his head a little and seemed discouraged — discouraged because we had rejected him and thus prevented him from fulfilling his kindly intentions toward us. With a sigh he walked slowly through the house and to the front door. I had the powerful and awesome feeling that as Lord Daddy Lombrosis walked out of the house — ALL IN THAT HOUSE WERE TO BE LEFT WITHOUT HOPE. As Lord Daddy Lombrosis passed out the front door the question passed through my mind — Who will come next? I did not speak the question, but you offered a tentative answer just as if I had spoken it. You said in an awed tone:

"Satan?"

Then I ran to the door to catch Lord Daddy Lombrosis. He had just gone out, and I saw that snow had begun to fall. There was a light layer of it on the ground, maybe half an inch. Lord Daddy Lombrosis had become invisible, but as he walked away slowly from the house, leaving it for-

L0314022DU1
K521
FBI
LABORATORY

over and leaving it without hope, his shoes left prints in
the snow; the prints appearing one after another marking his
progress away from the house. I ran after him begging him
not to leave like this, not to leave my little brother without hope.
Over and over I begged him, but the ~~[illegible]~~ footprints just
kept receding slowly and sadly through the snow. Finally I
threw myself at his feet and cried, "No, don't leave my
brother without hope, give him another chance!" and I started
to say, "and me too," but I caught my self and said,
"No! Not me! I will never give in! But my poor,
weak, innocent little brother! Don't leave him without hope!"
But the footprints just kept going off through the snow. And
then I woke up with a terrible sense of fear and
foreboding. It was a remarkable and very frightening dream.

In addition to the meanings indicated above, it seemed to
me that the dream had some more general significances. Besides the
other things he represented, Lord Daddy Lombrosus stood for the
Technological Society itself. The technological society, as well as
demanding submission and using deception, illusion and manipul-
ation, also has other aspects, such as security and morality, and
my inner rebellion against that society entails
a certain degree of guilt, which was involved in the dream
along with my sense of guilt at attacking your illusions. And
to a degree you have submitted to the technological society by
accepting one of the substitutes that it offers for the real
life that it denies us. The substitute in question is the
ideology of "Art" and "Philosophy" and all that stuff, which
for many people like you serve as an unreal dream-
world which enables you to forget the emptiness of life
in the technological society and offers you a kind of
spurious hope.

Well, having briefly opened to you a window to my soul,
I now close it again, probably forever. Do me a favor and
don't write me again on such topics. If you do I'll have to burn
the letter, 'cause if I read it I'll itch to answer it — and that's
such a waste of time. Look! I've spent a whole morning
writing this letter when I could have been outside in the sun-
shine! What a waste! Truth is, I have no desire to
associate with you any further. For old times' sake it would be
nice to exchange Christmas greetings and occasional notes about
the events of daily life, but beyond that I have no desire for
any further contact with you. You're a fool.
Go to Hell. (But I say that affectionately.)

— Ted

LO314022DU1
K521
FBI
LABORATORY